

THE FAMILY MEETING.

We are all here!
Father, Mother,
Sister, Brother,
All who hold each other dear;
Each chair is filled, we're all at home!
To-night let no cold stranger come;
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found,
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot,
For once by every care forgot;
Let gentle peace assert her power,
And kind affection rule the hour,
We're all—all here.

We're not all here!
Some are away—the dead ones dear,
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,
And gave the hour to guileless mirth,
Fate, with a stern relentless hand,
Looked in and thinned our little band;
Some like a night-flash passed away,
And some sank, lingering day by day;
The quiet grave-yard, some lie there,
And cruel Ocean has his share—
We're not all here.

We are all here!
Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear,
Fond memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view,
How life-like, through the mist of years,
Each well remembered face appears;
We see them as in times long past,
From each to each, kind looks are cast;
We hear their words, their smiles behold,
They're round us as they were of old—
We are all here.

We are all here!
Father, Mother,
Sister, Brother,
You that I love with love so dear—
This may not long of us be said,
Soon must we join the gathered dead,
And by the hearth we now sit round,
Some other circle will be found.
O, then, that wisdom may we know,
That yields a life of peace below;
So in the world to follow this,
May each repeat, in words of bliss,
We're all—all here!

From Hazewell's Ohio Statesman.

GENERAL JACKSON.

The honors paid by a grateful people to the memory of their departed hero, have been nearly completed. In every quarter of the Union, some appropriate testimonial has been had to the merits of the man who accomplished so much for the military glory of his country, and whose political victories were of even greater value to the republic than those which he gained over the armed legions of Britain. Among those likely to have been prejudiced against him by the difference of political creed, many having magnanimously joined in bearing testimony to his worth; others have maintained a sullen silence; while the remainder, small in number, and destitute of influence, have made his name and memory the objects of malignant remark, commenting on errors incidental to humanity, and incapable of appreciating that lofty excellence which was the grand and most striking trait of his character. Having nothing in their own composition to which true loftiness of nature can appeal, it is not to be regarded as strange that this last mentioned class should not see any thing to be admired in the character of ANDREW JACKSON. Greatness of soul they cannot appreciate, nor manliness of character. The music of excellence has no effect on them. Life the deafadder, they cannot listen to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.

The leading characteristic of General Jackson, was an indomitable energy, a rarer intellectual trait than any other. It is not saying more than the simple truth, to affirm that no other public man in America ever equalled him in this respect. Whether in the field or in the cabinet, he always carried his point by mere strength of will, applied to what he was convinced was the right course. As a soldier, he was the first of his country, and would have equalled the first of Europe, had he possessed equal means for a display of his talents. His exploits against the Indians were not less important in their results, than remarkable for the genius for that peculiar warfare which they evinced. But it was in his Louisiana campaign that we must look for the fullest proof of his vast military merit—his firmness, his sagacity, his bravery, and his ability to mould circumstances to his will; all evidences of a great commander. The victory of New Orleans, brilliant as it was, and throwing into the shade as it did all our previous exploits, was the least of his merits in the defence of the southwest, and of the whole valley of the Mississippi. It was the system which he adopted, and of which the victory of the 8th of January was the proper close, that proved his fitness for command, his genius for war. When he arrived at New Orleans, he found every thing in confusion, confidence gone, and no adequate means of defence, existing against a foe at once daring and skilled, well commanded, and trained to arms in a series of victorious campaigns. What a different face did his arrival put upon affairs! He proved himself a hero in the best sense of the word. We can justly apply to him the language which Scott used in reference to the effect of Napoleon's return to Paris from his Russian campaign. "Doubts and apprehensions disappeared, like the mists of the morning before the rising sun. He had to stamp his foot, and armed legions rose at his call."

With what energy did he act on learning that the enemy had landed! Within an hour and a half after he had received intelligence of the fact, the American forces were marching to attack them, and the action on the night of the 23d of December saved the whole of that great country of which New Orleans is the outlet. It paralyzed the movements of the British, who calculated on marching to New Orleans the next morning without encountering any resistance. But they found a lion in their path, and after the rough handling they had received, concluded to wait for reinforcements. All subsequent attempts to carry their point were foiled by the skill of Jackson and the bravery of his troops. Finally, when reduced to the necessity of retreating or of storming the American entrenchments, they assayed the latter, and met the most complete defeat since the day of Bannockburn. The British themselves, like magnanimous foes, have paid more than one handsome tribute to the American leader, thus affording a marked contrast to the conduct of those Americans who have been led by political hate to depreciate the services of Jackson. "We do not hesitate to call him (General Jackson) a great man," says Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, (March, 1834, page 331, Am. ed.) "Unappalled by the landing of a formidable army of British veterans, he inspired fresh courage into the hearts of his countrymen, naturally brave; the danger was great, but the Americans under him had no fear, even of such a foe; strong as their position was—a mile-long line full of men—it was found impregnable—not because of cotton-bags and parapets, but because of patriots deadly with steady hands, keen eyes, and stern hearts—unerring marksmen, whatever were numbers—with a commander endowed with a genius for war—and in all respects equal to the glorious duty he had taken upon himself in his country's cause." Major Pringle, a British officer of much experience and high character, who was present at the battle of New Orleans, declares that "such a torrent of fire as poured on the British troops that day along the whole (American) line was perhaps never witnessed, not even at St. Sebastian." And the fire from St. Sebastian was the severest that the English soldiery experienced throughout the entire Peninsular War.

Great as were the services of General Jackson as a soldier, they were overshadowed by his achievements as a statesman. He gave the first blow to that English system which was introduced into this country after the peace, and which was steadily pursued until the old soldier, who saw what would be its result, commenced an opposition to it, which has at least had the effect of checking it, though the completion of his work has been left for others, who may or may not prove equal to the task. He crushed to pieces the United States Bank; put an end to the squandering of the public money on internal improvements, as they were misallied; and shook the protective system to its centre. We do not believe there was another man in the country who could have accomplished so much. Had any other public man vetoed the act rechartering the U. S. Bank, it is altogether probable he would have met with an overwhelming defeat. But the energy and indomitable will which had been equal to the work of driving foreign mercenaries from the soil of America, were not wanting in the hour of civil combat. The enemy, great and powerful as he was, was met and subdued. When we look back to the events of those days, we are lost in wonder, to think that so much was done against opposing influences of such tremendous magnitude. It was an exercise of the "one man power" such as has scarcely a parallel in our history. Those who have taken part in only the comparatively tame combats of the last few years, can form no conception of the storm which raged over the country when the bank bill was vetoed and the deposits were removed; and which Andrew Jackson breasted, and which he alone could breast. He made public opinion. He created the influence which beat down the concentrated money power, and rolled back the flood which was swallowing up our liberties. The people had the fullest faith in his honesty, and they came to his assistance, well knowing that he was fighting in their cause. The laurels which he won in that contest were of the purest kind—unstained with blood, and whose leaves live everlastingly.

Washington and Jackson will always stand on the same platform. They will ever be regarded as the greatest of our Presidents. To speak of them in the same sentence, is regarded by the enemies of Jackson, as something little short of blasphemy. We will yield to no one in admiration of Washington; but we are not aware of his vast superiority to the veteran statesman who has just passed away. Both were good and great men; and no friend to the memory of either of them, will search for flaws in the life of the other. There are points of difference in their characters, but nothing offensive is meant in so saying. By such difference being said to exist, it is not intended to convey the impression that the one was a greater or a better man than the other, but simply to say that each excelled in some way that was beneficial to his country and to mankind. Their rivalry has nothing in it like that which we sometimes see in the career of common mortals; nothing calculated to degrade their mem-

ory, or to afflict their admirers; but is grand, lofty and honorable to both, shedding a double light upon the world. It is the rivalry of two exalted spirits, pure and without alloy—"as one star differeth from another in brightness."

Fanny Elssler and the Dying Babe.

The following is two scenes which transpired in Richmond, Va. on the night in which Fanny Elssler made her appearance in the theatre in that city: "She floated about like a fair, but very voluptuous looking spirit, and cut her toes hither and thither, and swayed her body to and fro in a way which was a caution to all inflammable young gentlemen, grey headed or not. The lovely creature who graced the scene, looked on enchanted, and made all bright with their smiles; the vast crowd of men shouted and applauded with their whole might, and the beautiful dancing woman giving them an extra flirt or two, which set them off in a perfect agony of delight, made her bow—the curtain dropped, the dear Fanny tapping her wringing-neck-off, upon the shoulder, said, 'here, dere is to one thousand dollars alibow—now let us go.' But the audience said no, and they shouted and screamed, and thumped for her to come out and—"

"At that moment, in an obscure hovel, open in many parts to the cold, biting winds, without fire, alone sat a poor woman, holding to her chill'd bosom her sick and dying babe; while upon a rude pallet of straw lay two shivering little creatures, her children too. Her eye was heavy with watching, her cheek sunken with hunger and suffering, her heart filled with the very gall and bitterness of life. Still how truly, oh! how truly, answered the heart to the pang of a mother's love, as she gazed into the innocent face of her dying babe: how fast flowed the tears from eyes which had known little but sorrow and weeping through many weary days—how deep and fervent was the prayer which came up from the very fountains of privation and grief. There was no heart near to sympathize, no kind hand to aid, no soft voice to soothe—the physician's healing art—charity's angel arm came not to soften the dying moments of her poor babe, & as life flickered and waned in its fair urn, and the sobs of the mother sounded in that solitary room, as in the agony of her grief she exclaimed, 'a few pence would have saved thee to me, my sweet babe,' as the sleepers on the pallet of straw murmured in their uneasy slumber; 'Mother, dear mother, give me some bread'—as the keen wind came through the crevices and she clasped the dying child to her bosom; at that moment, a dancing woman, a stranger, with her wealth of thousands, and her ingots of gold and silver—made her last graceful bow, and took the princely sum which was her's for a moments pleasant labor.

"As the spectators gave their last shout, the babe's innocent spirit winged its flight to heaven, and the mother gazed in despair upon all that remained to her of the little prattler whom she so dearly loved. 'Such is life.'"

Duties of Women to their Country.

The shelter and protection of a free government also demand awakened and grateful energies. Since its welfare is involved in the virtue and intelligence of its subjects, the character and habits of every member of its great family are of importance. I imagine that I hear from the lips of some of the young sprightly of my sex, the enquiry, "Why need we concern ourselves in the affairs of politicians? what share have we in the destinies of our country?" The same share that the rill has in the rivulet, and the rivulet in the sea. Should every little streamlet tarry at the fountain head, where would be the river that dispenses the fertility—the ocean, pouring commerce and wealth upon its never ending tide. Woman possess an agency which the ancient republics never discovered. The young fountains of the mind are given in charge to her. She can tinge them with sweetness or bitterness, ere they have chosen the channels where to flow, or learned to murmur their story to the time worn pebble. Greece, that disciple and worshipper of wisdom, neglected to appreciate the value of the feeble sex, or to believe that they who had the moulding of the whole mass of mind in its formation, might help to infuse a principle of permanence into national existence. Rome in her wondrous greatness, in her fierce democracy, despised the moral strength that lay hidden under physical weakness. But our country has conceded every thing, the blessing of education, the equality of companionship, the luxury of benevolence, the confidence of a butler's office to those young buds of being, in whom is her wealth and her hope. What does she require of our sex in return for these courtesies? Has she not a right to expect that we give our hands to every cause of peace and truth—that we nurse the plants of democracy and purity—that we frown on every inroad of disorder and vice—that we labor in all places where our lot may be cast, as a gentle teacher of wisdom and charity, and that we hold ourselves, in domestic privacy, the guardians of those principles which the sage defends in the halls of legislation, and the priests of Jehovah on the walls of Zion.—Mrs. Wadpool.

Poets.—The wings on which poets rise, are like the wings of a windmill—made of wood, and put in motion by wind.

The American Mechanic.

Whatever may be the "pomp, glory, circumstance" of the great men of the world—whatever may be the dazzling pageantry of high life, the glitter of fashionable society, and splendid misery of those who believe that "Those who think must govern those who toil;" there is no situation more enviable than that of the plain American Mechanic—free for every thing for which Heaven designed him; untrammelled in his opinions; and left to the guidance of his own genius he walks erect in the full stature of a man. Earning with his own hands, the means by which he supports himself protected by a government, which like the sun, sheds its light—its fostering care upon all—who shall gainsay his right to enjoy the fruits of his labor in the way which best may please him. Under our government, prudence, industry and economy, are sure to meet with their reward, and it should be remembered by every Mechanic, that the road to pre-eminence and official dignity is open to every one. All that the people want in those that serve them is fidelity and patriotism: truth to the Constitution, and intelligence enough to perform their duty. How much, then, it behooves the American Mechanic, to make himself worthy the highest honor the people can confer. It is the duty of every American to render himself competent to act on all occasions as an American citizen. Intelligence, education and study, are within the reach of every human being.

Eccentric Hospitality.

During the late American war, a soldier who had been wounded and honorably discharged, (but perhaps not paid), knocked at the door of an Irish farmer, when the following dialogue ensued:

Patrick.—And who are you, now?
Soldier.—My name is John Wilson.
P.—And where are you going from, John Wilson?
S.—From the American army, at Erie, sir.

P.—And what do you want here?
S.—I want shelter to-night. Will you permit me to spread my blanket on your floor and sleep to-night?

P.—May the ould Nick take me if I do, John Wilson; that's flat!
S.—On the kitchen floor, sir?

P.—Not I, by the Hill o' Howth; that's flat!
S.—In your stable, then?

P.—I will not do that either; that's flat!
S.—I am dying with hunger; give me but a bone and crust—I ask no more.

P.—I will not; that's flat!
S.—Give me some water to quench my thirst, I beg you.

P.—Beg and be hanged; I'll do no such thing; that's flat!
S.—Sir, I have been fighting to secure the blessings you enjoy; I have contributed to the glory and welfare of the country which has so hospitably received you, and will you so inhospitably reject me from your house?

P.—Reject you? Who talked a word about rejecting you? May be I am not the scurvy spalpeen you take me to be, John Wilson. You asked me to let you lie on my floor—my kitchen floor—or in my stable. Now, by the powers, do you think I'd let a perfect stranger do that, when I have half a dozen soft leather beds all empty? No; by the Hill o' Howth, John; that's flat! In the second place, you were dying with hunger, and wanted a bone and a crust to eat. Now, honey, do you think I'd feed a hungry man on bones and crust, when my yard is full of fat pullets and turkeys, and pigs? No, by the powers, not I; that's flat! In the third place, you asked me for some water to quench your thirst. Now, as my water is none of the best, I never give it to a poor traveller without mixing it with plenty of wine, brandy, whisky, or something else wholesome or cooling. Come into the house, my honey, you shall have the best supper and breakfast that my farm can supply, which, thank heaven, is none of the worst. You shall drink as much water as you please, provided you mix it with plenty of wine, and provided you prefer it. Come, my hearty, come in, and feel yourself at home. It shall never be said that Patrick O'Flaherty treated a man scurvily who has been fighting for the dear country which gave him protection; that's flat!

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NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

Drugs, Medicines and Groceries.
THE subscriber has just received from New York, a general assortment of DRUGS, MEDICINES and GROCERIES. Also, a full supply of PAINTS AND OILS, which he intends to sell as low as any other establishment in this part of the country, for cash or ready pay.
JAMES S. LEFFINGWELL.
Ravenna, June 4, 1845.

SILVER PLATING MANUFACTORY.

Next door to Cobb's Exchange Hotel
AKRON, SUMMIT CO. OHIO.

THE Subscriber makes and keeps constantly on hand and for sale all kinds of Silver-plated, Brass, Japaned and Tinned, Saddlery, Carriage and Harness mountings. Also, all kinds of Iron work for Carriage Makers to order on short notice, with Brass or Silver at 63 cents per inch, crooked or straight. Also work plated with extra size of Silver when ordered, at small advance price. Those wanting a superior article of Plated House Trimmings may depend on my word, and from forty years experience I am prepared to anticipate all orders in my line. I also have a BRASS FOUNDRY.

In full blast and am prepared to execute orders, for all kinds of Brass, Copper or Composition Castings to patterns if furnished or will cast and finish the same to order. Spelter, Solder and Copper Rivets, always on hand at the lowest prices and Cash or Old Metals taken in pay. Bell hangers, Locksmithing, Keys and Jobbing generally by GEORGE THARP.

Akron, June 4, 1845.
N. B.—Work for the above establishment will be received at this office, and when furnished, if required, will be returned here for